CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1890.

NO. 23.

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is the Flour for Christmas Cake, and all occasions that demand something fancy and reliable. It is the best Patent Flour on the market. We make no exceptions.

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COUGH Whoopin Consumption, and re-SYRUP persons. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.





gloom, ound the bells across the snow room.
And I cry a blithe Amen!
To the burden of their lay. As they singing seem to say Santa Claus has come again

How the bells imprint a smile On the child in happy sleep! How they sleepless souls beguile As they sound from deep to deep! How they preach to weary men Grown half hopeless with the years! How they teach, 'mid joyous tears, Santa Claus has come again!

For too often care and doubt With their shadowy sister, pain, Casting darkness all about Quench the sunlight of the brain. So a joy comes o'er me then Which no words can ever frame, When the merry bells proclaim Santa Claus has come again.

Yet methicks that Santa Claus, Though unseen, dwells ever near, And through nature's august laws Brings unceasingly good cheer; And that all the sons of men, If they listen in this life, Hear above all earthly strife. Santa Claus has come again

For I see without, within, Something whose resistless might Slowly crushes strife and sin, And with wisdom aids the right So, no matter what has been, Well I know that every hour, Clad in sweetness, love and power, Santa Claus has come again.

William E. S. Fales.



Mr. Bingo-What part of the turkey do rou want, Tommy?
Tommy Bingo (who has been stuffing himself with candy all the morning)-I don't know as I want any (hesitatingly).

don't feel very hungry.

Mr. Bingo-Come, that won't do. You must eat something, my son. Tommy-Well, you might give me drumstick and a wing and some of the breast and a little stuffing and gravy and -and the wishbone. I know I couldn't eat any more than that.



Christmas dinner)-My dear, what part do you prefer?

His Spouse—The funny bone, please.

Ujoobu Bung-I don't think he has any. heard him say the other day that at one time he was a professional humorist.



Mr. Blobbs-I suppose this bill is for my Christmas present. But where on earth i Mrs. Blobbs-I thought I would surprise you with the bill first.



Tailor-Here it is Christmas time, and you have owed this bill since last March. Do I understand this to be a refusal, sir? Travers—? ot at all. It is what I call a

H "C. C. C. Certain Cough Cure" is not the best remedy you have ever used for Coughs and Colds your money will be refunded. Sold by J. W. Owen.

THREE LETTERS.

[Copyright by American Press Association.] SEND you by express (she wrote) Your presents every one, our friendship's past and I (a tear) Am sorry it begun Now that it's Christmas time, you

can (Her eyes begin to things came back (was his

reply) Your note came with them, too: And really, dear, I've sought in valu Some girl to give them to.

I'm in despair, and only you Can help me, that is plain. Come, say you'll be another girl, And take them back again.

Dear John, you're right (she wrote again), Return the gifts to me, And after this, as you suggest, Your sister I will be

THE SMUGGLER'S WEDDING.

Being a Story of a Christmas of the

Long Ago. (Copyright by American Press Association.) Down among the cliffs of Devou-those mighty ones which guard the southern English coast eastward from Sidmouth and not far from the quaint, rock bound village of Vere-Isabel Venn, the comely, brown baired fisherman's daughter, reigned over the sturdy hearts of the sea, subjugating alike the brawny fisher lad who swept the channel through the starlight nights of winter and the mano'-war's-man home on leave, while half the coast guards lapsed into chronic jealousy, and a few wild spirits, the special care of the coast guards, who traded secretly with Cherbourg, were among her most ardent

It was on Robert Dare, young, handsome, fearless and the most accomplished smuggler of the coast, that Isabel's choice Devonshire smuggling over fifty years ago was a daring, almost chivalrous, enterprise, and from this and other causes it was tolerated by the people. Many a magistrate has traced his cellar's pride to a Vere fishing boat, and a lord bishop has sent from afar for the pale French essence ere it had blushed itself brown in bond. Nor were mysterious sources wanting to sup-ply the means. When Robert Dare needed funds for a voyage he used to say that he was "going up the landside a little," and that night be would come back with the needful. The third week in December, 838, opened a cold, blustering time. Wreaths of fine snow wound round the doorsteps and hung over the small, diamond paned windows of Vere. Times were hard; the coast guards vigilant. Prudence must defer the marriage of Robert and Isabel which was to have come off at Christmas. The eronies of the Ship Inn deplored the prospect for the poor and shook their heads in sympathy as mild expiation for their comforting "rummers" of grog.

"Good evening, doctor," squeaked old Solomon Quigley, the parish clerk, as each year for storage on the whisky he and to the annual meeting of the L.O. genial Dr. Bowlby came beaming in. For makes Dr. Bowlby came from Bovey manor, where Lady Lee had commissioned him to buy a hundred and fifty geese for the Christmas dinner of the needy. But Exeter and Honiton had absorbed the supply, so said the farmers present. Then up spoke Robert

"Geese are plentiful and cheap in France. I will get them by payment for my time." Dr. Bowlby assented, the company applauded, and the grizzled coast guard captain stared over his long clay pipe at

Robert in a look of dazed solicitude.
"Good night, my darling Belle," said Robert, kissing her at her father's cottage, and may good luck attend me. I must go up the landside a little to-night."

The Seagull sailed out of the cove of Vere, and in due time sailed back again, harbinger of good cheer for the poor. "A welcome cargo," said Dr. Bowlby.
"Take care of them to-night, Robert." "Yes, a good selection," muttered the

grizzled captain, peering into the recesses of the boat, "ve-ry good. There is absolutely nothing but the geese," he whis-pered dejectedly to himself; then louder to his neighbor: "I say, Mr. Quigley, there is really noth-

ing but the geese, you know." "Nothing," piped Solomon, "unless there may be any ganders among 'em.' 'Bah!" said the captain. And now the Ship Inn is a bower of evergreens, for tomorrow is Christmas eve.

"I hear," observed Mr. Quigley in a low, commanding tone, as he slowly filled his pipe, "that Robert Dare and Isabel Venn are to be married to-morrow." "Yes," said the doctor, glancing from

the punch bowl to the captain; "by "I wish I may die," wheezed the land-"if I warn't told that Robert had bought Rose cottage, in Seaford lane."

"And he is gone off today for furniture." said the captain; "mysterious, very." "And quite a party is invited to the breakfast at Venn's afore they're off for a London honeymoon," gasped the landlord. There's the wicar and squire and the doctor and the cappen and Mr. Quigley and I, and some of the littler folks." It was a pleasant wedding breakfast, in which the joy of the young people blended with the happy spirit of Christmas; the flag waved from the tower of the old gray church, and the notes of the bells floated

among the rocks. "It is not true," said Robert in respond ing to the toast of bride and bridegroom, "that I have purchased Rose cottage; we are going into an established business at Exeter; but perhaps it is fit that I should explain some of the features of my last trip across the channel. The sage and onlons that will fill the geese of our poor different stuffing. My neighbors all," and here Robert smiled brightly on the grizzled captain, "stowed in each goose, and now safe from the Philistines, was several guineas' worth of the most costly lace."

down the valley until they were lost

which only subsided as the last toast was "A merry Christmas to all friends here and everywhere, and a happy New Year

Loud was the laughter and cheering,

At this juncture the grizzled captain, who had been missed for a moment, reap-peared with a florid face and sheepish air. He had taken off his uniform jacket with its gilt buttons and availed himself of the doctor's overcoat. Thus, with a lightened conseience, Le joined in the toast with its 'three times three.'

The heads of several respected families in professional and trade life in the wesof England are the sons and daughters of handsome Robert Dare and beautiful Isa-JOHN ALDEROBOVE.

Robertson & Jones, Jonesboro, Ark., No cure, no pay. Sold by J. W. Owen. was perfectly clear, I could look to the druggists.

Lodiburg Lodge, No. 4614.

Bro. President and Brethren.-Feeling onfident of the fact that I would be called upon to say something to the members of this lodge in regard to my trip to Springfield, Ill., and realizing the fact that I should not be able to make an interesting speech on that subject, I decided to write out, as best I could, a sketch of my trip out there and read it to this lodge, with their permission. What I have written is not F. M. B. A. news altogether, but simply a crude description of my journey to Springfield, and a few of the things that I saw and learned while there. Shall I read it?

Well, then, to begin with, I, as most of you already know, left home on Saturday morning, Nov. 15th, in company with Bro. Fallin, who was returning home, after laboring a week in our county. He left me at Falcon, below Hawesville. I kept the train to Mattingly, five miles below Owensboro, where I left it and walked a quarter of a mile to a large distillery, owned and controlled by a Mr. Mattingly. I saw nothing there of special interest, but learned a few facts in regard to how some men grow immensely wealthy in a very short time, manufacturing an article that pays no small amount of revenue into the national treasury of our government, but at the same time an article that has made more orphans and widows in this free land of ours-an article that has done more to debase, to degrade, and to pauperize thousands upon thousands of the citizens of this grand republic-an article on the account of which enough tears have been shed to make a sea upon which the navies of the world might ride at anchor; yes, my brothers, even more than that, an article that has been instrumental in doing more to corrupt the ballot-box, the result of which is our present oppressed condition, and to remedy which I trust this association is

destined; it has done more, I say, to bring about these results than all other agents combined. In the government warenouse at the distillery of which I speak, there was, on the 1st of November, over 5,000 barrels of this liquid poison, or about 225,000 gallons. All of this has already been sold at a net profit of perhaps 50 cents per gallon, which would be the enormous sum of \$112,500. In addition to this, the owner of the distillery gets 5 cents per month storage on each barrel, which in one year on the old house in which it is stored is not

> makes. Now the question naturally arises, who pays all this vast amount of money? and the answer is, the wholesale men, of course, to whom the whisky has been sold, but when he sells it he adds all this to his profits, and when the re-

tailer sells it he adds it to his profits, and at last the consumer pays for all. And what does the consumer get for his money? I'll tell you what he gets, and what he does not get. He gets the headache and the execrations of all honest men and women, and he does not get sufficient coal to warm, sufficient raiment to clothe, and sufficient food to feed the wife and little ones whom he has left miserable at home, and whom he disgraces every moment of his

wretched, degraded, worthless life. You can have some idea about how much of this stuff is manufactured in the United States when I tell you that there are many other distilleries about Owensboro and in other parts of Kentucky that make more whisky than the one of which I have spoken, and near Peoria, Ill., there are sixteen that make a great deal more than all in Kentucky combined, besides many others in different parts of the United States.

Is it any wonder that people in all parts of the country are making war upon the organized liquor traffic? And am glad, yes, heartily glad, that the set on end as near together as possible, General Assembly of the F. M. B. A., at its last meeting, boldly passed a resolution in these words: "We mean death to monopolies of every kind, and we want it distinctly understood that we include in the number the organized liquor traffic. When that resolution was read, a shout and a cheer went up can not speak in very glowing terms of from that grand assembly of men that it would have done your souls good to much of what I saw was due to the fact

Netwithstanding the enormous proportions to which this liquor traffic has grown, and notwithstanding the evil that it has done and is still doing, I have heard men say that they would hail with delight the day when all tax should be taken from whisky, and everybody be as free to make it and to drink it as they are to raise wheat and to eat the bread made therefrom. For my part, brethren, I should much rather see the tax raised than lowered. If we and even chronic catarrh, and if they must raise revenue by taxation (and so far as I know there is no other way to ence, raise it), let the burden of it rest on such things as whisky and tobacco, but give us the necessaries of life as cheap as we can get them. But I must proceed. I spent Saturday night, Sunday, Sunday night and Monday in Owensboro, without seeing anything of particular interest. Monday night at eleven o'clock I took the train for Henderson, where I laid over 40 minutes, then boarded an L. & N. train for St. Louis. Most of the time on my way to St. Louis I spent in reading, as it ed, easy to take, never shock nor derange was impossible for me to sleep, and it the system and half their power is the being night I had no opportunity to see mild way in which their work is done, write: C. C. C. Certain Chill Cure gives the country through which we were Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One universal satisfaction." Pleasant to take. passing. After daylight, although it a dose. Twenty-five cents a vial. Of all

westward and see what looked like a dark, heavy cloud resting against the horizon, but which I knew at once was

city of St. Louis.

A little after sun up we arrived at East St. Louis, which is a considerable ther of Waters in the State of Illinois. We then crossed the great railway bridge of St. Louis, which has a wagon and passenger way above the railroad track, and below which my eyes for the restless ripples to mingle with the waters of the great Gulf that forms our southern boundary. As I gazed upon the waters of that mighty river, I thought of the gallant and noble DeSoto who, in the year 1541, with a who, after hard privations and countless toils, yielded up his life on the bank of grave beneath its bosom; and I thought that if to-day his eyes were permitted to feast upon the wealth and grandeur of the large commercial cities that line the banks of the river whose existence he made known to the wold, and that if he could see the thousands of grand and stately vessels that plow their way through its waters, carrying freight and passengers from city to city, he would be forced to exclaim, in the language of the first telegraphic message, "What God

bath wrought!" After crossing the bridge we entered the tunnel at the west end, from whose darkness we emerged to find ourselves in the great union depot of St. Louis, by the side of which the union depot in our own metropolis would fade into utter insignificance. There we found many trains waiting, the steam hissing and escaping from whose engines seemed anxious to be set free, and hundreds and perhaps thousands of people gathered there to take trains that would in a few short hours hurl them hundreds of miles away and leave them scattered, as they desired, in different parts of this great nation. I, as one of that great crowd of people, after waiting 50 minutes, boarded a Chicago & Alton train at 8:15 o'clock, re-entered the tunnel, crossed the bridge the second time and started northward toward Springfield, my destination. The nearer we arrived 5,000 barrels would be \$3,000, and the to Springfield the more crowded became the cars, principally with representaworth to-day over \$500, so you see he tives to the General Assembly of the gets six times the worth of the house Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association O. F., which met at Springfield that

week. Arriving in Springfield at noon, my first thought was to find a hotel and get my dinner, as I had had nothing to eat since the evening before. Being unacquainted with the city, of course, I had no choice, and the first hotel I came to I entered, and was glad to find on the register the name of Thos. W. Haynes. whom I had met at Morganfield a month previous. After partaking of a very ordinary dinner we repaired to the State House to await the opening of the General Assembly. Before speaking of that body I shall tell you something of Springfield.

It is not near so large a city as I expected to find, and being an inland city it would certainly not be a noted one, but for two things; one is, it is the capital of the State, the other is, it is the city in which is located the Lincoln monument, The population of Springfield reaches but about 24,000, and it boasts of no extraordinary fine buildings, except perhaps two, the State House, and the Court House. It is plentifully supplied with electric street cars, and tracks for still more were being laid in the principal streets. Its streets are not paved with stone as are the streets of our own cities, but with wood, being all cedar blocks sawed off perhaps eight inches long, and and then packed perfectly tight with sand or gravel, and I must say that though of course not so lasting as stone. while they do last they make decidedly a better payement. It is much nicer in appearance, is not near so hard on horses, and makes less than half the noise. I the hotels in Springfield, but perhaps that every hotel and boarding-house in the city was crowded to its utmost limit, and on Tuesday night many walked the streets till daylight for the want of a better place to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Takes 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, at 50 cents a bottle, to make up \$500. One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales. Its makers profess to cure "cold in the head," fail they pay \$500 for their over-confid-

Not in newspaper words, but in hard cash! Think of what confidence it takes to put that in the papers-and mean it. Its makers believe in the remedy. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

After all, the mild agencies are the best. Perhaps they work more slowly, but they work surely. Dr. Pierce,s Pleasant Pellets are an active agency but quiet and mild. They're sugar-coat-

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smoke from the great manufacturing I ask for your patronage and propose to give you in return full value for

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city situated on the east side of the Fa- Left at my store. Therefore I call your attention to my new and handsome line of Goods, consisting of

FARM IMPLEMENTS

the Mississippi, as they flowed on in the Mississippi, as they flowed on the Mississippi, as they flowed on the Mississippi, as they flowed on the Mississippi, as the Mississippi, as the Mississippi, and the Mississippi, as the Mississippi, and the Mississippi, as the Mississippi, and the Mississi SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOWS.

AVERY, MEIKLE & URA CLIPPER STEEL PLOWS, DOUBLE SHOVELS, SHOP MADE SINGLE SHOVELS.

And a full line of Plow and Machine repairs, Wagon Material, Iron of small band of explorers, was the first all kinds, Shingles, Doors, Sash and a full line of Hardware, Lime, Fal white man to learn of its existence, and and Cement, Brick and Tiling for flues and drainage

COOK AND HEATING STOVES

the river which he had discovered, and watery days and pipe, and a full line of Tinware. Water Drawers and Pumps, whose body was consigned to a watery Grass and Clover Seed of all kinds. Trunks, Buggies, Road Carts, Phaetons and Spring Wagons.

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Respectfully, L. D. ADDISON, Addison, Ky.

1891

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